

The Onion

(a poem)

Just a humble vegetable
consider me,
if you're able

So much flavor
packed inside
In paper skin
I do abide

Cook me tender
or slice me raw
just use a good knife
you don't need a saw

Have you seen
my circular layers?
They make nice garnish
(but not party favors)

My flavor is strong

but I'm good for you
I might help
with cold and flu

I'm sorry if I
made your breath stink
and left a foul odor
in your sink

One more thing
and I'll say goodbye
I'm sorry if
I made you cry

Birdtown Comics